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The Navajoes.

Although the Navajoes, a powerful tribe of Indians living in the country northeast of Prescott, have herds of sheep, bands of cattle and horses, they now and then exhibit the Indian that is in them by a foolish display of hostility to the whites. The old men of the tribe—those who have been put through the war mill—know the value of peace; but the young valiantes, the braves, as they suppose themselves to be, are filled with the importance of their tribe; proud of ancient Navajo achievements on fields of "glory," and really think they are sufficiently powerful to get away with Uncle Sam and his dry land navy.

But few of them know anything about the "countless thousands" of Americans who inhabit the great country east of New Mexico; nor is their knowledge of Crockerham as correct as it should be. Smart as they are, their knowledge of geography and of a Mexican census facts and figures is rather meagre. Naturally suspicious and jealous of their white brothers, they have, now and then, shown their fine white teeth, charged on their wily ponies and overawed the whites. They, like other Indians, have been tampered with by agents of the interior department. These agents have told them falsehoods; have encouraged them to act naughtily; to look with suspicion upon white immigrants and upon the soldiers who guard our country's interests on the frontier. It would not perhaps be right for a paper of the good standing of the Champion to even insinuate that our people may have another war with the Navajoes; and yet it may come to this unless the Navajoes are given to understand that hereafter government means to protect its citizens while doing the fair thing by the Indians. It being an admitted fact that Indians have a wholesome terror of warping upon people who are prepared to defend themselves and punish their assailants, it is the plain duty of government to keep plenty of soldiers in the Indian country; not necessarily to kill Indians, but to make them understand that they must not depart from the paths of peace.

Our government has always been very good to the red men; it has always cajoled them, aided them, and never intentionally deceived them. This being the case, it has a clear right to make them behave themselves; to impress upon their minds the fact that it is by work and not by war, that Americans live and raise families. Let the government cease its interior department goody-goody policy; let all praise God barebones, professedly religious, hypocritical Indian agents be called home; let army officers of honor and ability be detailed to govern the Indians; to protect them in their rights and the time is not far off when they will be worthy and well qualified to become American citizens.—Courier

The Boston crusaders against Mormonism have a little job to attend to nearer home than Utah. A Mormon church has grown up and become strong under their noses in the village of Plainville. It is called the "Plainville Branch of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints." The organization has a spicuous meeting house and some of the members practise polygamy. A middle aged man named Jackson L. Evans, who was a Methodist layman, began to preach Mormonism, and made many converts in the region around Plainville. They built a house of worship and paid for it, and no church debt hangs over it. Finally S. A. Cobb, at whose house Evans first held his meetings, became dissatisfied with the Mormon social customs, and brought charges of polygamy against his wife, Mrs. Catharine B. Cobb, Miss Kate L. Whitney and Elder Evans, the head of the church. The three of them were tried and found guilty as charged. Cobb had previously discarded the faith, and finding that Mrs. Cobb held fast to it, he went to law. But the church at Plainville is still going and converts are coming in. One of the elders is going to Washington as soon as congress convenes to use his influence against any anti Mormon legislation that may be introduced.

The Gallup Coal company has been organized, with John MacMillan, Alonzo Luckey and W. M. Weaver as the incorporators. The capital stock is fixed at \$200,000, and Albuquerque is named as the principal place of business.

THERE are a few people in Arizona who would have newspapers ignore the Indian question, for the reason, as they say, that it scares people away. Such a course would be much more damaging than a discussion of the facts and furnishing the news as it occurs. Whenever the press of any section of the country undertakes to keep quiet and suppress news it invariably fails, as such news will find its way out, and usually in a greatly exaggerated form. It is the Indian raids, and not the newspapers, that are injuring Arizona, together with General Crook's inability or neglect to subdue and control the wild Apaches. There are a very few who pretend to argue that permanent peace has been secured by the superior tactics of General Crook in his Sierra Madre campaign. How any reasonable man can arrive at such a conclusion we fail to understand. Crook did not kill or capture a single warrior; he did not weaken them in any way, shape or form; he has made no change of his forces to strengthen his position along the border or to prevent future raids into our Territory; he has acknowledged to the world that the soldiers of the United States army are not equal to the Apaches, and cannot be successfully used against them. He not only said this in so many words, but he proved it by his Sierra Madre campaign that he believed what he preached, as he took only a body guard of soldiers with him, and took Indian scouts to do the fighting; but they also failed him.

What security then has Southern Arizona in the future? If the soldiers cannot protect the settlements, and if the Indian scouts cannot be relied upon, what protection have the settlers in Southeastern Arizona from Apache raids, which may come at any time? The Citizen is not disposed to cry "wolf" simply for the purpose of frightening people. In common with all other enterprises in this Territory, it has something to lose by the unsettled state of Indian affairs in Arizona and much to gain by a lasting and permanent settlement of the question.

The doors are now wide open. John General Crook informed us was no longer in authority, and has been deserted by his followers, seen to have partaken of the nature of a joint snake, which, after a severe beating and knocking into pieces, has a wonderful faculty of gathering the parts together, and becoming a full fledged warrior again with all his old followers around him and numerous new recruits, ready to pounce down upon Arizona at any time. This is the situation to-day, and no man can deny the fact. The peace General Crook has given us may last one month, six months or a year. What is such peace worth and what good is it to Arizona? It amounts to nothing, and the man who allows himself to be deluded by such a settlement of the Indian question in Arizona is indeed easily satisfied. This Indian incubus is upon Arizona and it will remain so long as the renegades are at large. We cannot expect prosperity in this Territory until the renegade Apaches are either captured or exterminated, and there is nothing to be gained by going to sleep and awaiting results, or allowing General Crook to do so. He has left the Indian question in the worst possible shape, and he should lose no time in endeavoring to patch it up. The people of Arizona demand this, and we should think that he above all others would be anxious to set things right.—Citizen

Judge Field, of the U. S. supreme court, sitting in banc with Judge Sawyer, rendered a decision, Monday, relative to the rights of Chinese born in Hong Kong to land in the United States. He held that the fact of a Chinaman having been born in Hong Kong does not constitute him a British subject, and that Chinese have no right to come here under the restriction act, whatever country they may belong to. Field is beginning to change base on the Chinese question. His presidential aspirations probably have something to do with his sudden change of heart.

Governor Sheldon, of New Mexico, now, or recently, in Washington, has been laboring with a view to the creation of another judicial district by congress in that territory, and another judge of the supreme court. Our representative in congress should endeavor to procure the desired relief for Arizona.

Tom Monihon has thus far bought 260,000 pounds of wheat from the Pima and Maricopa Indians. They still have more to sell. Another trader on the Gila has bought 150,000 lbs., which makes 410,000 lbs. bought and shipped by these houses.—Gazette

A reporter of the Washington Republican visited the frog child, Matthew Perry, who is now on exhibition on O street, near Seventh street, a few days since, and beheld one of the most extraordinary monstrosities on record. This child is said to be thirteen years of age, weighs nineteen pounds, and is eighteen inches in height. Most monstrosities present an unsightly appearance, but in this case the child is so bright and lively, being naturally smart, that the general feeling of disgust is not felt. The forearms and hands, as well as the feet and legs below the knees, are exactly like those of a frog.

The face and head are slightly deformed, one eye being larger than the other, while the mouth is that of a frog. When the child opens its mouth it has the appearance of a frog's mouth. The palate is just beginning to form; the ears are small, round and ill shaped, and the child hops as near like a frog as possible; the feet are cold and clammy as a frog's, while the remainder of the body emits the same heat as other human beings. The child is observant and quick to understand and see all that is passing about him. A doll was placed at the further end of the table upon which he was sitting, and he would then hop for it just like a frog. He seems to enjoy throwing away everything given him; everything amuses him, and his antics are comical to a laughable degree; a lady present took his hat, saying: "I am going to take your hat away if you don't stand on your head;" the child gave her a quizzical look and then put his thumb on his nose and expanded his fingers, forming the significant well known sign, "you can't come it." The cause of this very peculiar malformation, as stated by the father, is that the mother, shortly before giving birth to the child, was digging in the garden and dug up a toad, which fell upon its back, and commenced kicking in its effort to right itself.

The child, when on its back, makes the motion similar to the frog, when in a like position.

The father has four children beside his one, but they are all right physically and mentally. Showmen have made him offers, but they are no large enough to induce him to exhibit his child. Many people were present to see this odd piece of humanity.

The following is the talk taken from the St. Louis Democrat now going the rounds of the press concerning the alleged capture of General Crook, in the Sierra Madre mountains by the Chiricahuas at the time of his expedition into Mexico:

General Crook, led by his White Mountain Apache scouts, was one evening toward dusk betrayed into a canyon. During the night all the White Mountain Apache scouts left the camp and took up their positions on the hillsides with the Chiricahuas, who had surrounded Crook, and had determined upon the massacre of his entire force at daylight next morning. In the night a squaw, who had some friends among the San Carlos scouts went into Crook's camp. The San Carlos Apaches, who always feared the White Mountain Apaches, told this woman that Crook had not come down to fight the Chiricahuas nor to kill any of them, as was clearly shown by the fact that he had brought with him only forty soldiers and 350 Indians, half of whom were the friends of the Chiricahuas. He had come, they said, to receive the surrender of the Chiricahuas, to guarantee them immunity from harm and to take them back to the reservation, where they would be kept at the expense of the government without having to do any work.

The squaw left Crook's camp and reported this statement to the Chiricahuas. A council was held, and they decided to postpone the massacre until noon the next day, provided Crook did not attempt to leave the camp. In the morning when Crook awoke, from behind every rock on both sides of the canon he saw pointed down towards his camp the rifles of the Chiricahuas. Turning to Captain Crawford, who was in command of the troop of cavalry and scouts, he said: "We are surrounded and possibly shall all be massacred. And we might as well go to our fate bravely. Give me my shot gun. I will go up on one side of the hill and pretend not to see them."

Taking his gun, about 7 o'clock in the morning, he went up on the side of the hill, but was no sooner outside of his camp than he was, of course, taken prisoner by the Chiricahuas. This enabled him to have a talk with them. An interpreter was sent for, and Crook was kept there until almost noon. He had to accede to the demands of the Chiricahuas, in order to escape with his own life, and to save the lives of his men. The terms up on which they released him were that he would immediately leave the country, the Sierra Madres; that he would take with him the old men and old women who were too decrepit and old to engage in warfare; that he would put them on the San Carlos reservation and save them from punishment, and that he would give the Chiricahuas half his ammunition. They never promised to come in and when Crook made the proposition that they should, they laughed at him.

There are the facts of the Crook campaign, as gleaned from the most trustworthy sources.

The Territorial Enterprise, published at Virginie City, Nevada, heads an article, "The Land of Murder," "More of the Diversions of the Hell Hounds of Arizona," and says: "At present Arizona is a region to be shunned by all lovers of peace and quiet. The Apaches one might venture, but the white cut throats render the country about as desirable a place of residence as Hades itself. All decent Arizonans should be glad to die and transported to purgatory, where they can find a little peace and quiet. Such publications as the above are going the rounds of the press, and they are uncalled for and a slander which is doing the Territory great harm. Some journalists are too ready to pen such paragraphs without considering the result. A murder in Arizona is magnified into a dozen. The murder that have been committed lately among the outlaws themselves, with one or two exceptions. The cowboys element is dwindling down to small numbers and in a few months they will be numbered among the things of the past. The Enterprise man, being a Western man, if not a fresh importation, ought to know better than write such an exaggerated paragraph. The officers of the law are more vigilant; the people are more determined; judges are awake to the situation; and juries will not be bribed, and where there is a murder now there will be none in the near future."

Charles McComas.

F. W. Smith, is an authority on the following statement, which is published by the southern press: A short time ago a party of Mexican came into Deming from Casa Grandas and one of them informed D. C. Leroy, an old resident of Deming, that he had been into Ju's camp and had seen a white boy nine or ten years old. When questioned Ju said that the boy had been captured in New Mexico and his father and mother killed. The Mexican, who, by the way, was a former resident of Casa Grandas, and had gone to Ju's camp for the purpose of selling goods asked what he would take for the boy. The answer was \$1500. The Mexican then came to Deming and related the facts to Mr. Leroy, who telegraphed to Silver City if the \$1500 ransom could be raised there. On an affirmation reply being received, a large party headed by Mr. Leroy, and guided by the Mexican, started for Casa Grandas with the intention of recovering the captive child.

The Phenix papers contain the following:

Born, September 28, 1883, to the wife of Joseph Campbell, a daughter.

Ben Belcher is in town on his way from Tip Top to the Church mine, near Clifton, where he expects to go into business in the near future.

Mrs. Fannie McBride will commence the erection of a store on the Bull property adjoining Frederick & Hill's tin shop on the first of October.

The construction of the army quarters at Fort McDowell will make quite a demand for labor this fall. The manufacture and laying of 52,000 adobes will be an important contract itself.

John Y. T. Smith has been running his mill at night in order to fill his contract with the Mohave Indian agency for flour.

The estate of the late J. M. Bryant will foot up to \$60,000. Indebtedness about \$86,000.

A shooting scrape took place Wednesday at a Mexican ball held in the new Reghetti building on Monroe street.

According to the Tucson Citizen, we understand that L. Zeckendorf has made an assignment, W. Zeckendorf being the assignee.

A dispatch from Santa Cruz, California, Thursday, says: "Immense fires are raging in the forests and ranches above here. They have already done terrible damage. A dispatch from Davenport Landing states that the entire country is in flames. One hundred and forty men went from here to aid in an endeavor to arrest the progress of the flames. The Santa Cruz Water Company have fifty men fighting fire. The flames are now in five miles of this place, and with the rapidity with which they have spread fears are entertained for the city."

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